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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
 when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
 gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
 when a man shall die
And forget love
 which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
 that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
 of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of Stanford Writing*, 1931

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HOMER'S ILIAD.

TRANSLATION OF BOOK I.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

TRANSLATION OF BOOK I.

ALSO

PASSAGES FROM VIRGIL.

BY

M. P. W. BOULTON.

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HOMER. ILIAD.

BOOK I.

SING the revenge, O Muse, of divine Peleid Achilles,
Deadly, with myriad woes which loaded the sons of Achæa,
Hurling souls unnumbered of heroes mighty to Pluto's
Darksome abode: and gave their carcases unto devouring
Dogs and the birds of ravin a spoil: so wrought to achieve-
ment
Jupiter's will; since riven asunder in anger Atrides
Strove, king sovran of men, and Achilles, peer to Immortals.
Which of the gods excited the discord fierce of the chieftains?
Leto's son 'twas and Jove's: who, wroth with the sovran, a
sickness

Evil aroused in the army, and wasted before it the people.
Angered because Atrides in height of pride had affronted
Chryses, man of prayer; who unto the fleet of Achæa
Came to redeem his daughter, and ransom inestimate off'ring:
Crowns in his hands proposing of far-destroying Apollo
Wreathed on a golden sceptre; and urged with entreaty the Grecians
All, but most the Atridæ, the orderers twain of the people.
Hail to ye, Atrëus' children, and men well-greaved of Achæa!
Grant ye the Gods immortal, above enthroned on Olympus,
Ilion haughty to ruin, and home fair voyage accomplish:
Yea, and release my daughter, and deign to the ransom acceptance,
Fearing the Jove-born archer, the far-destroying Apollo.
Then from princes and people acclaim rang forth of approving
Shout, that revered be the priest, and the glorious ransom accepted;
But not so was it pleasing to Atreus' son Agamemnon,

Who with rebuff dismissed, and with threatenings haughty rebuked him.

Old man, let me not here by the fleet ships hap to detect thee,
Neither now delaying, nor e'er hereafter returning,
Lest the sceptre and crown of the God but little avail thee.
Her thy daughter I loose not before old age in my household
Royal in Argos, afar from her home and country deflow'r her,
Plying daily the loom on my bed as captive attendant:
Go then, avoid to incense me, that hence thy return be the safer.

Fear on the old man fell, he obeyed his word, and away went
Mute by the sea-beat shore 'mid the myriad din of the billows,
Till far off departed a pray'r outpoured he to royal
Phœbus Apollo, the son of beautiful-haired Latona.
Hear me, O silver-bowed, that the round of Chrysa benignant
Walk'st, and Cilla divine, and mighty in Tenedos reignest,
Smíntheus; íf on thy témple I e'ér wreathed flówer-enwóven
Crownal, of oxen and goats if e'er acceptably burnt I
Savoury thighs on thy altar, achiéve this grace to thy servant;

These my tears by thy darts on the hosts avenge of Achæa.
Thus imploring he uttered, and ear to him Phœbus Apollo
Gave, and wrothful in heart down stooped from the peaks of Olympus,
Bearing his bow on shoulder, and sheaves case-guarded of arrows.
Hurtled by haste of his going the caged darts rattling behind him
Rung as he moved, on-sweeping he passed like night in his anger;
Seated afar from the fleet shaft vengeful he drew, and against them
Launched; terrific the clang of the bow of silver resounded.
First 'gainst sumpters and hounds light-footed attack he directed;
Next at the folk themselves his acute darts pouring, amain he
Smote, and the death-pyres thick unceasingly blazed in the army.
Nine whole days on the host drave fiercely the rain of his arrows,
Now on the tenth to a council Achilles summoned the people,

Thereto minded by prompting of Juno th' ivory-wristed,
Who for the Greeks felt ruth when dying apace she beheld them.
They being all collected and thronged in council-assembly,
Thus uprising addressed them the swift Pèleid Achilles.
King Agamemnon, meseemeth that home to return it behoves us
Would we from death escape, since war and plague the Achæans
Jointly oppress ; but come, some priest consult we, or augur ;
Aye, or dreamer, for dreams are surely of Jupiter authored,
Who by his art may show why thus incensed is Apollo ;
If vows slackly acquitted he blame or stint of oblations,
If perchance from his altar of oxen and goats when inhales he
Savoury fumes, deign may he to turn this bane from the people.
This said, seat he resumed ; to the council thereupon up-rose
Calchas, son of Thestor, supreme in wisdom of augurs,
Who knew passing events, and approaching and those of aforetime,
And to the Ilian shores in the fleet had led the Achæans
Through the prophetic skill vouchsafed him by Phœbus-Apollo ;

He to the public weal well-minded arose and addressed them.
Thou would'st have me unfold, O Heaven-befriended Achilles,
Why thus wroth is the king, the afar-off-shooting Apollo:
This then will I reveal: but assure me thou, and before heav'n
Swear that in word and deed thou wilt be alert to defend me:
Since what I utter, I trow, will anger a man, who of Argives
All far primeth in might, and bywhom are swayed the Achæans:
Yea, and prevaileth a king when incensed with a man of the commons;
For though seeming to-day to digest his wrath, yet unsleeping
Still in his heart he nurses the grudge, till watched-for occasion
Find he to wreak his revenge: if thou wilt save me then, answer.
Thus in reply addressed him divine Peleid Achilles;
Speak out boldly whate'er thine augury gives to thy knowledge,
For by Apollo, beloved of Jove, whose votary, Calchas,
Thou to the Grecian people his oracles holy revealest,
No man here at the fleet while breath and sense of the sun-light
Share I on earth, shall bold be to lift hand forceful against thee;
No, not of Argives all, though e'en thou nam'st Agamemnon,
Who 'mong ranks of Achæa supremest empery boasteth.
Thereon the seer unblamed took heart and his oracle uttered:

Not for unheeded vow is he wroth, nor victim unoffered,
But for his high-priest's sake, whom king Agamemnon affronted,
Neither released his child, nor deigned to the ransom acceptance.
Angered at this hath smitten and yet will smite us Apollo,
Nor will slacken the weight of his hand, nor stay the malignant
Pest, to her home and sire till bear we the livelily-glancing
Damsel, unbought, unransomed, and lead to Chrysa a sacred
Hecatomb: if this do we, prevail we may and atone him.
These words uttered, he sate; and thereon arose to the council
Atreus' son heroic, the puissant lord Agamemnon,
Troubled with grief: gloom baleful his mind o'erclouded, with anger
Heaved his labouring breast, like fire was the glare of his eyeballs;
Lowering first on Calchas with evil glance he addressed him.
Augur of ill! nought e'er hath announced thy tongue to my comfort!
Aye, to thy soul delight 'tis to bode things hateful and evil;

Message of good thou ne'er hast spoken or helped to accomplish ;
Now forsooth in the army with babble of augury prat'st thou,
Saying that hence offended with these dire plagues to infest us
Roused is Apollo, because for the ransom costly refused I
Fair Chryseis to yield : since captive at home to retain her
Great my desire is ; whom e'en to Clytemnæstra my maid-wed
Wife I prefer : and truly in no way ranks she beneath her,
No, not in shape and beauty, in mind nor skill as a housewife.
Natheless will I resign her if so may Greece be advantaged ;
Surely the weal of the people, and not their death my desire is.
Heed then at once fresh gift to prepare me, that I of Achæans
Be not alone by reward ungraced, which were not befitting :
Since this of all is beheld, my guerdon away from me goeth.
Thus to the king made answer divine swift-footed Achilles :
Atreus' son, in glory, in greed of riches unrivalled,
How can the great-souled Greeks with a guerdon skill to provide thee ?
Nought do we know of stores in the treasure common abounding.

What from the ransacked towns as spoil we procured is apportioned;
Which to resume from the people and re-assign it beseems not.
Yield thou now this girl to the God, we Greeks to repay thee
Triple and quadruple worth will heed to assign, if supreme Jove
Grant us to lay in the dust proud Ilion tower-engirdled.
Unto him answering spake th' imperial lord Agamemnon:
Nay, though like to the gods in war, most noble Achilles,
Not so thieve in thy mind: nor prevail thou wilt, nor ensnare me.
Thinkest thou to retain thy prize, while I to bereavement
Tame submit me of mine? and exhort'st thou me to release her?
Well, if the Greeks stout-hearted a fresh prize deign to award me,
Rated with heed, that amends it worthily make me, so be it:
But be this omitted, redress as lord of Achæans
Will I enforce, thy prize, or of Ithacus, haply, or Ajax
Bearing away: right sorely the man will chafe whom I come to.
Nay, but this more ripely we will hereafter advise on:
Now to the salt-flood sacred a vessel sable impel we.

Meetly with oarsmen equip her, a hundred beeves for Apollo's
Altar enclose in her hold ; then aboard shall led be Chryseis
Rosy of hue : as ruler be one of the princes appointed ;
Ajax, Idomenëus, or counsel-abounding Ulysses,
Or thyself, Pelion divine, dread wonder of all men,
That by ritual holy be made with Phœbus atonement.
Answer with frown disdainful returned swift-footed Achilles ;
Ha ! thou minded on gain, in effrontery clothed as a garment !
How at bidding of thine should prompt be a son of Achæa
Toils of march to endure, or stoutly in battle acquit him ?
Not for feud of my own with the Trojans bold in encounter
Came I of arms to engage : no injury plead I against them :
Verily ne'er from my fields drave they my cattle or horses,
Ne'er in the fat-glebed tilths of Phthia the people-abounding
Waste of the fruits they made : since mighty and ample between us
Tower the dark-gloomed hills and roars the tumultuous ocean :
But thy behest, ingrate, in zeal for thy service, obeyed we,
For Menelaus and thee, o fronted as hound, on the Trojans
Glory to win ; of which thou reck'st not at all, nor account mak'st.

Threat'st thou now of my prize to bereave me, dearly in hard fight
Wearisome earned, by the sons of Greece as guerdon assigned me:
Ne'er prize equal to thine obtain I, whene'er the Achæans
Ransack victory-crowned an abounding town of the Trojans:
Most of the hurrying march and the fight's impetuous onslaught
Is by my hands conducted; but when war's spoil is apportioned
Thy share far is the greater; and I with little rewarded
Carry it home much-prized to my tent, of combat aweary.
Now to Phthia I go, since better by far to return 'tis
Home in the crow-beaked ships; nor wilt thou, deem I, with insult
Spurning me thus, much treasure and spoil here suck to thy coffers.
Thus to him uttered in answer the ruler of men Agamemnon:
Fly then, fly, if thy heart so impels thee; dream not I woo thee
Here to remain: to my crown, thou gone, will fail not upholders
Trusty, the chief 'mongst whom is Jupiter, author of counsel.

Thou of the Jove-nurst kings in my sight most hateful esteemed art,
For that in strife aye joyeth thy soul, in bloodshed and outrage:
If strength flow in thy nerves, that, ween I, of Heaven a gift is.
Get thee home with thy ships and company, there at thy liking
Over the Myrmidons lord it; for me I reck not about thee
Nor take thought of thy rages; and hear now! thus do I threat thee:
Seeing that Phœbus Apollo of fair Chryseis bereaves me,
Her to her home in vessel of mine well manned by my people
Will I despatch: then seize I Briseis rosily-tinted
Going myself to thy tent, thy prize: that clearly be taught thee
How far I am the stronger, and each shall loathe who beholds it
Proudly to face me as equal, and bold words bandy against me.
Thus as he spake to the quick was Achilles stung, and a conflict

Stirred in his breast heroic his heart, by debate distracted,
Should he his faulchion biting unsheathe, and through the attendants
Forcing a way, down fell to the ground and slaughter Atrides,
Or strong mastery should he exert, and bridle his anger.
While these things he in heart perplexedly weighed, and his huge sword
E'en from the sheath stood drawing, behold, down Pallas Athene
Came from Olympus at bidding of Juno th' ivory-wristed,
Who to the chieftains twain in her heart bare equal affection;
Standing behind him she took by the yellow tresses Achilles,
Visible only to him, none else had pow'r to behold her.
Round in amaze he turned him, and straightway Pallas Athene
Saw he and knew: from her eyes beamed light of terror unearthly:
Crying aloud he called her, and wing-borne words to her uttered.
Wherefore com'st, thou daughter of Jupiter ægis-bearing?
Is't to behold with thy eyes the tyrannic pride of Atrides?

Now I declare, and, think I, the words shall crowned by
event be,
Death, of his acts of scorn avenger, is o'er him impending.
Thus bespake him in answer the blue-eyed Pallas Athene:
Pause to impose on thy anger, if thou wilt hearken, I seek
thee,
Sped from Olympus at bidding of Juno th' ivory-wristed,
Who to the king and thee with an equal love is affected:
Come then, cease from affray, and revengeful weapon un-
sheathe not;
Yet with reproachful speech to thy heart's fill vex and assail
him.
Yea, for I thus declare, and the words shall lack not achieve-
ment;
Glorious gifts hereafter of worth thrice-told to atone thee
Shall for his outrage woo; then exert controul and obey us.
Unto her answering spake swift-foot Peleid Achilles:
Goddess, though sore angered, I needs must yield to thy
dictates:
Whoso obeyeth the Gods, in return do they to him hearken.
Thus as he said, he stayed with weight of his hand on the silver

Hilt, and back in the sheath his great sword drave, nor Athene's
Word disobeyed: she swift upsoared to Olympus, and ent'ring
Jove's bright halls, th' assembly rejoined of the blessed Immortals.
Then brake forth Pelion afresh, with bitter invective
Railing against Atrides, nor yet put stay to his anger.
Bibber of wine, dog-faced, deer-hearted; in arms to the combat
Forth with thy people to march thou ne'er hast dared, nor in ambush
Grecia's chosen to join: well knoweth thy heart that it is so.
Aye, 'tis more to thy 'vantage to rove in the army Achæan,
Robbing of guerdon whoe'er in debate outspoken offend thee:
People-devouring king, o'er tame herd ruler, or else sure
Had'st thou now, Atrion, the last of thy outrages authored.
Now I affirm, and with oath of might am prompt to avouch it—
Yea, this sceptre I swear by, that ne'er shall leafage or offshoot
Gender again, once reft from the parent trunk in the mountains,

Nor shall spring or increase; for the keen-edged bronze from around it
Rind and verdure hath lopped: and behold, now sons of Achæa
Wield it as ensign, judges, who bear of Jupiter office
Hallowed laws to uphold—right mighty the oath is and awful—
Unto the sons of the Greeks shall come a desire of Achilles:
Unto them all like one: then in vain shalt thou to assist them
Strive deep-grieving, when onset of hero-slaughtering Hector
Purples the field with carnage; and thou shalt rue, with acute sting
Pricked of remorse, that affront thou gav'st to the best of Achæans.
Thus as he said, Pelion adown his sceptre on earth cast
Bossy with studs of gold, and sate: nor less Agamemnon
Raged with an answering anger: to calm them Nestor upstarted,
Ruler and sage of Pylos, of tongue fair-spoken, haranguer
Suasive, the stream of words from his mouth flowed sweeter than honey.
Passed had away two ages of speaking men, that aforetime

Nurture in Pylian land and life with him shared; of a third age
Now was he king; their weal intending he rose and addressed them.
Woe is me! fearful grief now glooms on the land of Achæa;
Priam and Priam's sons will glad be of heart, and the people
All that in Ilion dwell will joy with a mighty rejoicing,
When they hear that betwixt you twain this feud is engendered,
You that in council and arms shine foremost 'mong the Achæans.
Come, be advised of me: ye both are younger than I am:
Mightier men than ye are I walked with of old, and my counsel
Ne'er they spurned: not again these eyes shall look upon heroes
Like Pirithous brave, like Dryas, guider of peoples,
Exadius, Cæneus, divine Polyphemus, and Ægeus'
Progeny, Theseus sovran, in form who vied with Immortals.
Mighty beyond compare they fought foes mighty, the Centaurs
Laired in the mountain wilds, and subduing mightily slew them.

Converse shared I of old with these men, going from far off
Pylos, in Apian land; themselves had prayed me to join them;
Yea, and as helped my power, I fought: 'mong all that alive are
Now upon earth, not a man could cope in combat against them.
These chiefs took me to counsel, and hearkened unto my guidance:
Ye too hear and be ruled, for in heeding the words is advantage.
Thou, though tow'ring in sway, forbear of the girl to deprive him,
Leave her, who unto him erst by the vote of Greece was awarded;
Nor do thou, Pelion, against our sovran in eager
Rivalry strive; since ne'er hath ruler of men by supreme Jove's
Grace with sceptre endowed, such glory received as Atrides:
If strength flow in thy nerves, and deriv'st thou birth from a Goddess,
Still is he more exalted, because more people he ruleth.

Curb thou, King Agamemnon, thy wrath; while I from Achilles
Calm entreat of his anger; with heartfelt pray'r I implore him
Who from the stress of war as a rampire shields the Achæans.
Thus to him uttered in answer the emperor king Agamemnon;
Yea, good father, thy words are well and beseemingly spoken:
But this man, as supreme o'er all aspires to exalt him,
All to command he lusteth, of all to be king, at his orders
All to controul as he wills: wherein to obey him I think not.
Grant that by grace of Olympus in might of war he excelleth,
Claimeth his tongue thence charter to rail and riot in outrage?
Interrupting retorted divine Peleid Achilles:
Base indeed and craven I were if I yielded in all things
Unto thy bidding: exert elsewhere thine empery, give not
Me thy commands: no longer thy hests to obey am I purposed:
Aye, and this I announce; in thy mind digest and revolve it.
Not for a damsel I deign in affray of blood to engage me
Nor with thee nor another; ye gave and now ye retake her:
But for the rest that I hold by my dark swift ship, not a tittle
Shall of that by thy pow'r in despite of me be away borne:

Come, make trial, that all now here th' attempt and event see;
Quickly around my spear shall gush forth purple thy life-blood.
Thus they twain contended with words of reproach, then arising
Went their ways, and dispersed was the grand consult of Achæans.
Unto his tents Pelion and vessels taut, by Menœteus'
Son, and by troop escorted of comrades trusty betook him;
Meanwhile sovran Atrides a swift ship down to the deep drew,
Chose for her oarsmen twenty, the hundred beeves to Apollo
Vowed in her hold disposed; then aboard led lovely Chryseis
Rosy of hue; as chief went counsel-abounding Ulysses.
They embarking the moist ways ploughed. Next purification
Unto the army enjoined Agamemnon: they at his order
Purification made, and the off-scour into the deep cast:
Then to Apollo with rites of observance punctual offered
Bulls and unblemished goats by the shore of unharvested Ocean;
Heav'nward, wreathed in the smoke, up-circled the savoury fragrance.

While these things by the people in camp were wrought, Agamemnon
Nought of his ireful intent to Achilles threatened, abated;
But Talthybius trusty and grave Eurybates summoned,
Known as his envoys twain, in his service loyal and active.
Go to the tent, ye twain, of divine Peleid Achilles,
Thence by the hand lead off Briseis rosily-tinted:
Should he refuse to resign her, myself will come with a puissance
Ample, and main force use, which worse shall rouse his abhorrence.
Saying this he dismissed them, and utt'rance haughtier added;
They unwillingly trode by the shore of unharvested Ocean,
Till to the Myrmidon's tents they came: there fast by his hollow
Bark they found him reclined; nor joyed as he saw them Achilles.
Both o'ermastered with awe, and revering the king majestic
Stood, nor gave him salute of speech, nor demand to him uttered:

He in his heart however divined their drift, and addressed them.

Hail to ye, heralds sacred, of men and Jupiter envoys,
Nigh to me draw, nought fearing; I blame not you, but Atrides,
Bidden of whom ye seek me to reave hence lovely Briseis.
Come, divine Patroclus, the maid bring forth, to the conduct
Be she of these committed; and now both bear ye me witness;
Bear it to God's immortal, to men death-destined, and bear it
Unto the tyrant king; when need of my service arises
Shame and death from the rest to avert:—nay surely insensate
Rages his soul; nor looks he before and after, unweeting
How to preserve at the fleet from disaster fell his Achæans.
Thus he spoke, and Patroclus his loved friend's mandate obeying
Forth from the tent conducted the fair Briseis, and gave her
Into the envoy's charge: they back to the Argive vessels
Went, and the damsel with them against her will: but Achilles
Weeping, apart from his friends, on the grey shore lone in his anguish
Sate, and gazing afar on the flood dark-purpling of Ocean,

Loudly with outstretched hands poured forth to his mother entreaty.
Mother, since thou bar'st me to death untimely predestined,
Bound was Olympian Jove with renown and glory to grace me;
Yet now grants he me none; for the ruler of men Agamemnon
Open affront hath done me, my prize usurping and holding.
Weeping thus he implored, and his mother divine his entreaty
Heard, by her aged sire in the far deeps sitting of Ocean:
Swift like silvery mist uprose she from out of the sea-wave
Hoar, and down by him sate, while salt tears bitter he poured forth,
Gently caressed with her hand, and called him by name, and addressed him.
Son, what causes thy tears? what trouble thy breast hath invaded?
Utter it, hide it not: with thy grief let both be acquainted.
Unto her sighing deeply replied swift-footed Achilles:
Lo! thou know'st, why, knowing the tale to be told desir'st thou?
Sacred Thebes, Eetion's town, our army beleaguered,

Took by assault, and sacked it, and home brought safely the booty:
This in proportion just divided the Greeks, to Atrides
Voting as guerdon royal Chryseis rosily-tinted:
Thereupon Chryses, priest of afar-off-shooting Apollo,
Came to the vessels swift of the brazen-coated Achæans,
Seeking to free his daughter, and ransom inestimate off'ring,
Holding the crowns in his hands of the far-destroying Apollo,
Ranged on a golden sceptre, and all Greeks sued with entreaty,
Mostly the twain Atridæ, the orderers chief of the people.
Then with applauding shout consented the rest of Achæans
Meetly the priest to revere and the ransom costly to welcome;
But not so was it pleasing to Atreus' son Agamemnon,
Who with rebuff dismissed, and with threatenings haughty rebuked him.
Angered in heart departed the aged priest, and Apollo
Favouring heard his pray'r, for he loved him much, and an ill shaft
Sped from unerring bow at the Argive army, the people
Fell plague-stricken in heaps: through th' whole wide camp of Achæa

Searched them the keen shafts deadly ; then unto the princes an augur
Skilled th' oracular lore of the Far-destroyer unfolded ;
Counsel I gave, exhorting to make with Phœbus atonement ;
Whereat wroth was Atrion, and rising 'midst the assembly
Fierce threat launched he against me, to which indeed his achievement
Now sets crown ; for the Greeks quick-glancing-of-eyne in a swift ship
Bear that damsel to Chrysa, and gifts convey to Apollo ;
While e'en now from my tent the envoys despatched by Atrides
Ta'en have Brises' daughter, whom unto me gave the Achæans.
Now then if aught thou can'st, be true to thy son and befriend him :
Up to Olympus rising, implore Jove, if of aforetime
Either in word or deed thou wrought'st him service accepted—
Yea, for in halls of my sire full well I remember I heard thee
Oft-times proudly recount that alone erstwhile of Immortals
Loathly disaster thou from the cloud-assembler averted'st,
When that to bind him in chains had plotted the pow'rs of Olympus,

Juno, and he whom obeyeth the main, and Pallas Athene;
Then thou rising aloft from abhorred captivity freed'st him,
Calling in haste to the tow'rs of Olympus lofty the Titan
Five-score handed, in heaven Briareus clept, but among men
Beareth he name Ægeon, in might his sire who excelleth:
He by the Thunderer's side took seat in his glory rejoicing,
Him the Olympians feared, nor chains on Cronion imposed they.
This now bid him remember, and stoop, and his knees enclasping
Urge him prevailing strength by his aid to infuse in the Trojans;
While to the ships and sea with slaughter he drives the Achæans
Broken in rout, that of all their ruler's folly be tasted;
And let Atrides taught be, the emperor-king Agamemnon,
How insanely he raged when the best of the Greeks he affronted.
Tears from her eyes fast falling, the goddess answer returned him:
Woe is me! why, dear son, with pangs to the light did I bear thee?

Why did I nurse? ah! would that at ease, unweeping, uninjured,
Thou by the ships might'st dwell, since span so short is allowed thee:
Now most fleeting at once, and with hardship most and affliction
Vexed is thy life; in regal abode ill-fated I bore thee!
Seemeth me best that I soar to the snow-crowned heights of Olympus,
There thy plaint to relate to supreme Jove, joying in thunder:
Meanwhile tarrying thou by the dark ships, coursers of ocean,
Feed 'gainst Grecia's host thine anger, and wholly from warfare
Cease; for behold yestreen by the court immortal attended
Jove to Oceanus hied, with the blameless Ethiopeians
Deigning to banquet; in twelve days' space he returns to Olympus;
Then will scale I the dome brass-paved of Jove, and enclasping
Straitly his knees implore him, and win him, think I, to hearken.
These words uttered, away to the deep she betook her, and left him

Vexed with resentment bitter at thought of the fair-zoned damsel
Forcibly reft from his arms: meanwhile to Chrysa resourceful
Ithacus o'er sea came, with the beeves devote to Apollo.
Soon as the vessel the depths of the sheltering haven had entered,
Sail they struck and laid in the ship: then deftly with haul-yards
Lowered the mast to the crutch, and with oars pulled home to the landing:
Next cast anchoring stones, and with hawsers fast to the shore made:
Forth then stepped themselves on the surf-beat margin of ocean;
Forth too led from the vessel the beeves devote to Apollo:
Last from the ship sea-coursing ashore came lovely Chryseis.
Her to her aged sire by Apollo's altar Ulysses
Counsel-abounding led, and resigned to his hands and addressed him:
Chryses, lo! as envoy of the ruler of men Agamemnon,
Come I bidden thy child to restore, and costly oblation

Pay for Greece to Apollo, to make with the sovran atonement,
Who by his archery fell now sorely afflicts the Achæans.
Saying this to his hands he resigned her, the old man o'erjoyed
Took to his arms his child: then quickly the beeves to Apollo
Sacred, in order around his well-built altar arrayed they:
Next, as behoved, washed hands, and the meal upraised of oblation:
Chryses lifting his arms to the God prayed loudly before them.
Hear me, O silver-bowed, that with ward of thy power encirclest
Chryse and Cilla divine, and mighty in Tenedos reignest;
Thou in my need erstwhile to my pray'r gav'st ear and acceptance,
Glory to me vouchsafing, and chast'ning sorely the Grecians;
Moved yet again by my suit this grace now grant me, to mercy
Turn, and the loathsome plague forth drive from the hosts of Achæa.
Thus imploring he spake; nor his ear averted Apollo:
They having offered pray'r and sprinkled the meal of oblation,
Backward drawing the necks of the beeves, slew deftly and flayed them;

Sundered the thighs and with art in sweet of the fat imbedded,
Fashioning doubled cauls, crude morsels spreading upon them.
These on the wood-coals glowing the priest burnt, ruddy libation
Pouring of wine: nigh waited with five-pronged forks the attendants.
Soon as the thighs were throughly consumed, and tasted the inwards,
Cutting to bits they spitted the rest, and daintily roasted,
Then from the fire withdrew: toil o'er and ready the tables
Down to the well-shared feast they sate, and fed to contentment.
Soon as the craving of drink and meat was sated, the youths crowned
Bowls full-flowing with wine, libation poured, and in order
Bare to the guests: with song untiring the flow'r of the heroes
Courted the grace of the God, forth chanting a beauteous Pæan,
Hymning the Far-destroyer: he joyed in his soul as he heard them.
Now when set was the sun, and gloom was abroad, by the mooring

Cables adown they laid them to sleep: but soon as in eastern
Heav'n fair Dawn rosy-fingered aloft from silvery mist-veil
Sprang, they launched to return to the wide-stretched camp of Achæans.
Fore-right wind fresh-blowing inspired far-darting Apollo;
Up they lifted the mast, and the white sails hoisted, the breeze smote
Full on the bellying canvas, the dark wave purple of Ocean
Surged at the prow loud roaring, as on bore eager the vessel;
Path on the wave unswerving she held, swift walking the waters.
Back to the army returned, their dark-ribbed vessel uphauled they
High on the sands, and shoring with timbers lengthy secured her:
Then to the tents, their ranks to rejoin, diversely betook them.
Meanwhile sitting apart by the fleet ships sable, in anger
Brooded the scion of Jove, speed-famed Peleid Achilles,
Nor to the council went, ennobler of men, nor assistance
Gave in the field of strife, but to idlesse sullen abandoned

Wasted his heart, aye pining for joy and shout of the battle.
So coursed cycling the days; but now when on ether a twelfth dawn
Broke, the eternal Gods to Olympus jointly resorted,
Jupiter heading the train; nor Thetis of hest of her offspring
Mindless lay, but alert from the wave uprising, in hoar mist
Robed of the morn, to Olympus and heav'n's dome blissful ascended:
Jupiter there far-seeing she found from the rest of Immortals
Seated apart, on summit of hundred-crested Olympus:
Sank she adown, his knee with the left hand clasped, his embearded
Chin with the right, and thus Jove mighty Cronion implored she:
Father of all, great Jove, if among Gods e'er to thy 'vantage
Word was or act of mine, this pray'r in requital achieve me—
Grace with glory my son; to a death most swift by relentless
Destiny doomed: yet now hath the ruler of men Agamemnon
Shamed him with open affront, his prize usurping and holding.
But thou, Lord of Olympus, supreme in wisdom, avenge him;
Strength to the forces of Troy impart, until the Achæans

Pine with desire of my son, and aloft in glory exalt him.
So implored she; but answer the Cloud-assembler returned not,
Mute long space he remained: she thereon his knees with enlacement
Closer enclasped like tendril, and urged yet again her entreaty:
Yield me assent downright, and thy nod vouchsafe in assurance,
Or deny me; for held not by fear is thy tongue; and assure me
How of Immortals all most vile in thy sight am I counted.
Jove in reply deep-sighing the lord of thunder addressed her:
Doings deadly be these: 'twixt me and Juno a fierce strife
Wilt thou gender, who loves to upbraid me 'mong the Immortals,
Girding me aye with taunt that I aid in battle the Trojans.
Haste thee now and return to the depths, lest Juno observe thee;
Be to my care and counsel resigned thy desire to accomplish:
Nay, yet a nod of assent I e'en will give, that inspired be
Trust in thy soul: for known 'tis I vouchsafe this to Immortals

Pledge and token supreme: since ne'er is revoked, nor unfaithful
Proveth or unfulfilled what I once have nodded assent to.
Thus as he spake, down bending his eyebrows sable Cronion
Nodded; upwaving flowed th' ambrosial locks on the deathless
Head of the sovran eternal, and trembled the mighty Olympus.
They having ended counsel arose and parted, the goddess
Into the salt deep leapt from the shining crest of Olympus;
Jove to his own house turned; in accord uprose the Immortals
Off their thrones their sire to receive: none dared as he neared them
Still to await him, but all ranged standing to do him obeisance.
Seat on his throne he took; nor Juno when she beheld him
Was not aware that counsel had joined with him argent-footed
Thetis, upris'n from abode of her old sire wonning in Ocean:
Sharply with words of taunt forthwith bespake she Cronion.
What God share hath enjoyed, thou weaver of wiles, in thy counsel?
Ever apart from me to enact in privity lov'st thou
Stealthy decrees: to thy wife ne'er freely thy mind is imparted.

Thus addressed her in answer the Father of men and Immortals:
Juno, to learn of my counsel divine all mysteries hope not;
That for thy wit were hard, though consort unto me art thou.
What for thy ear to receive is fitting, to none of Immortals
That, nor of earth-born men, shall sooner than thee be imparted;
But for the things that aloof from the gods my will to devise is,
Ply not research of those, nor explore each point with inquiry.
Juno revered of the cow's fair eyes thus made to him answer:
O what reproof has thy tongue, most harsh Saturnius, uttered!
E'en to excess, ere now, from search of thy counsel abstain I;
What to reveal is thy choice thou calmly impart'st: but oppressed now
Sorely my soul is with fear, that the sea-born daughter of ancient
Nerëus, argent-footed, with artful tongue hath cajoled thee;
She in mist of the morning preferred her pray'r at thy footstool;
Yea, and thou, I suspect thy assent hast nodded, Achilles

High to exalt in glory, and thousands slay of Achæans.
Thus in reply Jove mighty the Cloud-assembler addressed her:
Subtle one, aye at work is thy mind, from thy watch I escape not:
Yet this shall not serve to thy heart's desire, but estrange thee
More from my grace, with annoy which shall more bitter offend thee.
If 'tis as thou suspect'st, e'en so 'twill be to my liking.
Take seat, cease from wrangling, obedience yield to my mandate;
Lest th' whole pow'r of the Gods who dwell in Olympus avail thee
Nought, when the terror I loose of my hands invincible on thee.
Great fear fell at this on gazelle-eyed Juno majestic;
Silent sate she, with struggle the storm of her heart repressing:
Gloom in the house of Jove came over the blessed Immortals;
Whom the renowned art-worker addressed, fire-swaying Hephæstus,
Soothing his angered mother, the fair queen ivory-wristed.

Bane incurable hence will spring, and passing endurance,
If for sake of the children of earth thus fiercely ye bicker,
Brawl in the courts divine upstirring, nor aught of enjoyment
Will from the fair feast flow, for the worse lords over the better.
Now to my mother, herself discreet of counsel, advise I
Jove to bespeak, our father, with words of sooth, that he hurl not
Stormy reproaches again, and the banquet plunge in disorder.
Mighty beyond compare is the Lightener; if to th' abysses
Willed he dethroned to strike us, in vain his bolts we resisted;
But with address fair-spoken entreat him, quickly from anger
Turned, with renewal of grace he again will gladden Olympus.
Thus he spake, and arising a two-cupped goblet with nectar
Filled to the brim, and bare to his mother beloved and addressed her:
Nay, though deeply aggrieved, my mother, endure and rebel not,
Lest, whom I love so dearly, before these eyes I behold thee
Stricken with blows; then alas! though sorrowing sore, to assist thee

Power I naught shall have ; for Olympius hard to oppose is.
Once in quarrel of old to defend thee when I was eager,
Caught by the heel he sheer from the portal ethereal hurled me :
Down all day I tumbled in air, till just with the sunset
Ground in Lemnos I struck, of life but little was in me ;
Sintian men there raised me from earth and promptly befriended.
Cheered to smile as he spake was the fair queen ivory-wristed,
And from his offering hand with a smile accepted the goblet :
Then to the rest all round fair-omened order observing
Bare he, the luscious nectar from bowl out-ladling abundant ;
Laughter unquenched out-rang from the blissful Gods, at Hephæstus
Moved, as alert he plied through th' high halls festal his office.
So as the day on-coursed till setting of Helios, held they
Cheer of banquet divine, nor lacking was aught to rejoice them ;
Neither melodious notes of the lyre, 'neath touch of Apollo
Waked, nor beauteous voice of the Muses chanting in answer.
But when the glorious light of the sun sank shrouded in Ocean,
Each god hied for repose to his home, where halting Hephæstus

Lord of skilful devices for each had builded a mansion.
Jove to his couch ascended, Olympian hurler of lightnings,
Where to recline he was used, when sweet sleep came on his eyelids:
There he slumbered, the gold-throned queen, fair Juno, beside him.

ARISTOPHANES.

From the Parabasis of the Aves.—L. 685, 689.

COME children of men, ye of darksome life, fast-fading as race of the leafage,
Puny of effort, compounded of clay, generations shadowy, nerveless,
Unwinged, of ephemeral span, death-doomed, woe-laden, as dreams evanescent;
Come, hearken to us, ethereal birds, undying, eternal enduring,
Waning not, aging not, aye shining in light, of counsel and glory decayless.

Do.—L. 693, 697.

NIGHT first, and Chaos, and Erebus dark existed, and Tartarus outstretched;

No being had Earth yet, or ether, or Heav'n; but in depth unbounded of Hades

Was an egg primæval by black-winged Night brought forth of the breezes impregnate;

From which in the cycle revolving of hours sprang Love, the desired, the delightsome,

On his back starred brightly with plumage of gold, like blasts of impetuous whirlwind.

MOSCHUS.

Elegy on Bion.—L. 106, 111.

AH me! look ye! abroad in the fields when lilies or asters
Die, or fair flow'r-Delice, or whorled fresh-shooting acanthus,
Quick in the next year's season anew they spring and re-flourish:
We, race sovran of man, we great, or sage, or heroic,
Once when die we, in earth's dark womb uncared for, unheard of,
Sleep we a right long sleep, never ending, ne'er to be waked from.*

* See Note A.

CATULLUS.

Carmen LXX.

UNTO me voweth my love, that none to myself as a husband
Would she prefer, though e'en wooed her Olympian Jove:
Yea, so voweth her tongue: but a mistress' words to an eager
Lover, in hurrying wave need to be written and wind.

I subjoin the original of this piece, together with the translation of it by Sir Philip Sidney, one of the earliest who endeavoured to reproduce classical metres in English.

ORIGINAL.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle
 Quam mihi, non si se Juppiter ipse petat:
Dicit: sed mulier cupido quæ dicit amanti,
 In vento et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S TRANSLATION.

Unto nobody, my woman saith, she had rather a wife be
Than to myself; not though Jove grew a suitor of hers.
These be her words; but a woman's words to a love that is eager
In wind and water's wave do require to be writ.

VIRGIL. GEORGICS.

Book II.—L. 458 to end of Book.

AH! too happy, the boons enjoyed by them if but esteemed they,
Sons of the soil! who far from abhorred war's carnage and uproar
Draw from the lap of earth, just due-giver, living abundant.
Though no palatial dome with portals stately the flowing
Wave of morning saluters from hall and corridor outpours;
No doors ivory-lay'rd nor marbles of Africa, raiment
Thredded with gold, nor bronze Ephyreian gloating admire they:
Though their wool nó scarlet imbibes of Assyrian poison,
Nor with Arabian spice their service of oil is infected:

But security tranquil, a life to deceive unknowing,
Dowered with home-bred wealth; range ample and ease in the champaign,
Caves, floods silver of lakes, stream-cooled Tempëian valleys,
Lowing of herds, and slumber on herb tree-canopied, absent
Are not these: there game is in brake and thicket abounding,
There is a youth robust, contented, enduring of hardship;
Rites of the Gods, and elders revered; there last, as up-soard'st thou
Parting from earth, O Justice, thy footsteps' trace was imprinted.
Chief do I pray that the Muses, ineffable source of supremest
Joy to my soul, whom smitten with love unbounded adore I,
Take me and teach me the stars and lore of th' heavenly pathways;
Faints of the life-giving sun and unwearied Cynthia's orbits;
Why doth the sick earth tremble; by what force urged the profound main
Swelling prevails on the shores, then turned is again and refloweth;
Why do the winter suns so swiftly to lave them in Ocean

Haste, what power inert to the long night's transit is hindrance.

But should chill of the blood, in my veins o'er-tardily coursing,
Unto this arduous height forbid to me longing an entrance:
Let vale-freshening waters and lawns and meads my delight be;
Rivers to love and woods be it mine, and glory to know not.
Where be thy plains, Spercheius, and rolling flood? thy recesses
O Taygetus ope me, by virgins Spartan in orgies
Danced on of bacchic rout: who afar in vallies of Hæmus
Cold will place, and with umbrage of arched boughs mighty protect me?
Happy pronounce I the man who Nature's causes aright redes;
Who fears all of the soul, and remorseless destiny downcast
Tramples, and hell's black wave Acherontian, hungrily roaring!
He moreover is happy who converse hath with the rustic
Gods,—with Pan, Silvanus, and nymphs of river and highland!
Him not consular rods, not royal purple availeth

Aught to unnerve; not feud fresh stirring to battle unfaithful
Kin, nor from oath-bound Hister the hordes of Dacia swooping.
Empire Roman and wars and ruin of realms he regards not;
Nor with grief for the poor is saddened, the wealthy nor envies.
Fruits by the pendent boughs, by the willing fields in abundance
Offered, he plucks free-handed; nor iron laws, nor insensate
Wrangle of court and bar, nor records of the people beholds he.
Others afar on the blind deep toil, or rush to encounter
Fateful of arms, kings' portals and halls ancestral invade they;
This man slaughter unleashes on home and hearth, that in opalled
Cup may quaff he his wine, on purple of Sarra recumbent;
Wealth to amass one strives, and on hoard of gold is impassioned.
One at the Rostra in trance of marvel is awed; for redoubling,

Lo! through press of the benches applause of People and Fathers
Smites him agape with amaze. They joy imbrued in fraternal
Gore, and for exile drear sweet home and country relinquish,
Lands of an alien clime, illumined by strange sun seeking.
Worketh the farmer the soil with ploughshare crooked upturning:
Hence is his annual task; support for country and homestead
Hence obtains he; for oxen and steers yoke-weary provideth:
Ne'er is repose—on floweth the year; now teeming with apples,
Now or with young of the flock, or abundance golden of harvest;
Loaded with wealth of sheaves is the glebe, and granaries o'erflow.
Come is winter: in press are bruised Sicyonian berries;
Acorn-feasted the swine trudge home; store scarlet of arbutes
Yieldeth the wood; boon fruitage of autumn falls; and by tempered
Beams upon high slopes sunny to ripeness baked is the vintage.

Meanwhile hang on his kisses his infants prattling around him ;
Chastity guardeth the pure-browed home : full-charged to the milk-maids
Drop their udders the cows ; and the pampered kids in the herbage
Lusty, with adverse horns engage in wanton encounter.
He rites sacred of feasts directs ; and at ease on the sward stretched,
While by his hinds round fire bowl flowing is crowned, with libation
Thee, Lenæus, invokes ; and rouses his emulous herdsmen,
Prize for wrestle or race or spear-throw setting in elm-tree :
Iron limbs to the games they strip of the rustic palæstra.
Such was of old life chosen of hardy Sabellian hillsmen ;
So lived Ilia's twins ; so grew up Etruria puissant ;
So majestical Rome consummate beauty of all things
Made was, and hills sev'n-towered in one wall's girdle encompassed.
Yea, for before the sceptre of Jove Dictæan, before men
New impiety daring on slain beeves bloody regale made,

So upon earth life glided serene of golden Saturnus.
Not yet blast of the trumpet in air had rung, not on anvil
Yet 'neath ponderous hammer the clash of faulchion heard been.
But through spaces immense have coursed our wheels; and behoveth
Now of the chariot-horses the smoking necks to unburthen.

Georgics, Book III.—L. 1—48.

Next in thy laud, great Pales, and thine, Amphrysian herdsman,
Shall be my song; of rivers my theme is, and woods of Lycæus.
All that besides might charm with poesy languor of idlesse,
Now to the folk is common: to whom is untold Eurystheus
Harsh? of unpraised Busiris the altars who hath abhorred not?
Hylas, Naiad-beloved who knoweth not? Isle of Latona
Delian? Hippodamia and Pelops ivory-shouldered
Lord of the steed-rapt car? new way must tried be that I too

Soar from the ground, and victor on wings of fame be aloft borne.

First, if life be allowed me, enticed will I from the sovran
Throne of Aonian heights, bring home to my country the Muses:
First will I to thy clime, O Mantua, palms of Idume
Bear; and amidst thy verdure upraise of marble a temple
Nigh to the flood, where winding immense in tardy meanders
Mincius erreth, his borders with green reeds tender adorning.
Cæsar himself shall grace me, aloft in the temple presiding.
I in his sight, ennobled in purple of Tyre, exultant
Victor, a hundred cars four-horsed will urge to the waters.
Leaving Alpheus' stream and Molorchus' groves, with inhuman
Cestus and eager race shall Grecia battle before me.
Wreathed on my brows with crownal of olive sheared, to the athletes
Will I prizes award. E'en now at the fanes to solemnise
Joy I the pomp, and beeves see slain on the altar; or else view
Wheeling with obverse fronts how shifteth the scene, and the curtain
Purple by woven sons of Britannia lifted arises.

Wrought on the gates of gold and of ivory massy, the conflicts
Shall be of Hindoos storied, and conquering arms of Quirinus;
Here too surging with war shall Nilus aboundingly flowing
Shown be, and pillars naval in rostrate splendor arising.
Asia's o'erthrown towns shall joined be with these, and Niphates
Fall'n, and in arrowy flight confiding Parthia's horsemen;
Victory twofold wrung from a diverse foe, and the peoples
Twice with triumphant war upon each coast smitten of Ocean.
Marbles informed with breath shall stand there, Parian idols,
Issue of Assarac old, and names of the Jove-descended
Progeny, Tros ancestral, and Troy's high author, Apollo.
Envy aghast shall tremble, the rueful wave of Cocytus
Fearing, and pangs undying of snake-encoiled Ixion,
Ne'er upheavable boulder, and fell wheel whirling eternal.
Meanwhile bidden by thee, Mæcenas, thread I the tangles
Leafy and untouched glades of the nymphs, task hard of achievement:
Only with thee song lofty my mind conceives. Up, arouse thee,
Shake off idle delay: with a vast shout calleth Cithæron,

Loud is the cry of Laconian hounds, and loud Epidaurus
Tamer of horse; round cheering the groves peal answering
echo.
Soon however to sing th' impetuous battles of Cæsar
Will I address me, and blazon his name through cycle of ages
Far-stretched, e'en as Cæsar from birth is remote of Tithonus.

VIRGIL. ÆNEID.

Book VI.—L. 855—887.

THUS Anchises, and adds while rapt they listen in wonder:
See, with the noblest spoils of war Marcellus advances
Proudly adorned, and victor in height o'ertops the assemblage!
He Rome's state, sore reeling in storm, shall steady; the Punic
Might and rebellious Gaul on his horse down-trample, and offer
Third prize trophied of arms in ancestral fane of Quirinus.
Here to his sire Eneas, at side who saw of the hero
Pacing in star-bright armour a youth of glorious beauty,
But scant lustre of joy on his brow and his eyes upon earth cast:

Who with the man divine, O father, is seen in attendant
Converse walking? his son, or an heir of the line of his offspring?
Hark to the murmur around of his mates! how proudly he bears him!
But wings sable of night with opaque gloom circle his temples.
Thus in reply his sire while tears forth well from his eyelids:
O son! bid me not utter the woe supreme of thy people;
But to appear upon earth will fate permit him, abode there
Will she deny. Too haughty, ye sovran pow'rs of Olympus,
Deemed ye the might of Rome, such gifts as her own if enjoying.
Ah! what wailing of men will that famed plain by the war-god's
Royal city resound! what ostents of death with amazement
Will Tiberinus behold, by his fresh-raised tomb as he glideth!
Ne'er in Latian sires shall child of Dardanus issued
Hope so lofty enkindle: nor e'er in the cycle of ages
With so exultant heart shall Rome make boast of a nursling.
Mourn ye for antique faith, for piety mourn, for unconquered
Arm in the fight; no foe had 'gainst him encounter adventured

Scatheless, whether afoot to the combat he pressed, or the foaming
Flanks of his charger spurred. Ah! hapless youth! if of Hades
Dire can unlocked be the grasp, thou, doom of destiny bursting,
Shalt be on earth Marcellus. Abundant bring ye the snow-white
Lilies; myself fair flow'rs will scatter; to shade of a grandchild
Offer may I at least such token, and pay unavailing
Office of woe.

Book VIII.—L. 652, 713.

Watchful aloft on crest of the fort Tarpeian, in arms stood
Manlius, highest temple of Jove Capitolian holding:
Here too graven in silver a goose o'er portico golden
Flying, with shrill note warned that the Gauls were nigh at the gateway:

Through thick bushes approaching the Gauls clomb into the stronghold,
Aided by grace of opaque-hued night, and shielded by darkness;
Golden is shown their hair, their vesture golden; in checkered
Plaids they glitter; about their milk-white necks an encircling
Gorget golden is bound: each wields two lances of Alpine
Make in his hand, their bodies with long shields warily sheltered.
Further the Salian dance exulting, the naked Luperci,
Mitres woollen-tufted and anciles holy from Heaven
Fall'n had he wrought: chaste dames were leading the sacred procession
Seated in soft-hung coaches. Apart from these at a distance
Tartarus adds he, the portals of Pluto's kingdom abysmal.
Here doom fatal of guilt he displayed: here thee, Catilina,
Poised upon high rock threatful, and cowering 'neath the avenging
Gaze of the sisters dire: in a secret realm had he pictured
Shades of the just; o'er these as lawgiver Cato presiding.

Coursing broad in the midst of the swelling sea was a likeness,
Golden; but dashed its surface with hoar-white foam of the billows;
'Mong which, dance in a circle enweaving, silvery dolphins
Smote on the deep with tails disportful, and parted the surges.
Bossy of brass in the centre the navies, the Actian conflicts,
Carved by his hand were shown: with pride of armies embattled
Glowed Leucadia's height, far shone gold-spangled the billows.
Here Augustus to battle the men of Italy leading,
Girt with the Fathers and People, the Gods of the hearth and Olympus,
Posted in towering ship: twin flames on his temples exultant
Play, and the Julian star effulgent o'er him revealed is.
Speeded by favouring winds and Gods advances Agrippa
Lofty, his line on-leading; to whom, proud trophy of warfare,
Glitter his temples with gold of coronal rostral encircled.
Antony there, mixed armies in pride barbaric arraying,

Victor from tribes of the morning and glowing shores of the Red Sea,
Egypt drags to the fight, and the pow'rs of the East, and remotest
Bactra; th' Egyptian spouse, ah! shame! in his wake is attendant.
All start eager at once, and whitened with foam is the water
Torn by the back-tugged oars and on-rushing forks of the galleys.
Right to the deep they hold: to the view like Cyclades up-torn
Breasting the surges, or hills contending with hills upon ocean;
With such weight by the crews are driven the tow'r-armed vessels.
Fiery tow by the hands and cast is of iron a missile
Show'r; with slaughter unwonted the sea-gods' realm is empurpled.
Shaking her native timbrel the queen her people to combat
Urges; nor yet looks back at the twin snakes deadly behind her.

Gods of a mongrel brood, and the dog-faced monster Anubis
Juno against and Pallas, against Cytherea and Neptune
Range them in fight. Fierce Mars in press of the battle is instant
Chased in relief in steel, and the Diræ gloomily flitting:
Discord hastes to the combat in garment rent; and behind her,
Wielding her blood-stained scourge, Bellona rejoicing advances.
This discerning, his bow far-shooting the Actian Phœbus
Bent from his heights: at terror of which Egyptian and Hindoo
Turned them in headlong flight, and Arabia's hosts and Sabæans.
Seen was the queen herself on the wind-gods calling, in hottest
Haste her cables to loosen, and sail yield large to the breezes.
Pale with presage of death had the Fire-controller displayed her

Mid the slaughter on-borne by the waves and the breath of Iapyx.

Over against was Nilus, of huge frame mightily mourning,

Opening his bosom, and calling with outspread mantle the vanquished

Unto his azure breast and the coverts close of his waters.

NOTES.

NOTE A. P. 42.

WITH respect to the word "quick," which I have used in this translation of the lines of Moschus, I call attention to the fact that one of its meanings is that of "live" or "living;" and that this sense is applicable to plants or flowers, as well as to animals. See on this point Johnson, and consider the expression "quick-set hedge."

The opposition of "quick" to "dead" is generally known: and I have found by trial that persons of ordinary intelligence, quite devoid of literary pretension, are capable of reading my lines without perplexity; nevertheless, the notice may not be useless in all cases. It sometimes happens that erudite persons are ignorant of simple things; some-

times study and culture develop in them dulness of apprehension.

I have not taken the English names of the plants mentioned by Moschus; I have chosen totally different plants. Though parsley and dill stand in the Lexicon as equivalents of *σέλινα* and *ἄνηθον*, they are by no means equivalent in effect, owing to difference of sound, and also of association. From the circumstance that Moschus in writing Greek chose *σέλινα* and *ἄνηθον*, we may be sure that in writing English he would not have chosen parsley and dill. Nor would he have chosen fennel, another rendering of *ἄνηθον*.

This is one of the cases, by no means infrequent, in which literal closeness of translation results in wide divergence of effect.

In the Greek after the words *ἆι ἆι* our attention is arrested; so that we may see that the cry of wail is not for the mallows, etc., but for something to be mentioned subsequently. This effect is partly produced by the particle *μέν*, which bids us wait for *δέ*. The words "look ye" are of use, as producing a somewhat similar effect.

It is important not to omit the conjunction *ἐπάν*. The bad effect of doing this may be observed in the following lines (lines of merit) which were quoted in a newspaper.

> "Ah me! the mallows dead in the garden drear!
> Ah! the green parsley, the thriving tufts of dill!"

Here the first line, as we read it, seems to utter a cry of lament for the dead mallows and the desolate garden; while the second seems to continue the lament for other plants not yet dead, but surviving amid the desolation. No misleading effect of this kind is produced when we read the Greek. We see as we read that the cry of wail *ἆι ἆι* is not for the *μαλάχαι* or *σέλινα*, but for something to be mentioned subsequently; and as we proceed we discover what this is; viz., the lot of man as *contrasted* with that of the plants; in that man does not revive after death, as they, with somewhat of poetical licence, are said to do.

The word *κῆπος*, used by Moschus, may seem at first sight to signify a flower-garden. But the nature of the plants mentioned is not suited to this supposition. *Μαλάχαι*

were a common article of food, used by the poor; Horace mentions them more than once as a cheap and wholesome esculent.* Σέλινα are weeds even in this country; and in Southern Europe ἄνηθον is a common weed of the corn-fields.

The unsuitability of the plants for a flower-garden has been perceived by previous translators. Fawke, in his translation of Moschus's 'Idyls,' renders the passage thus:

> "Alas! the meanest flow'rs the garden yields,
> The vilest weeds that flourish in the fields,"

He places μαλάχαι in the flower-garden, but as the meanest of its ornaments; while he treats σέλινα and ἄνηθον as vile weeds of the fields. In this way he produces a mixture of very infelicitous effect.

It may, however, be urged that the plants were all well-suited for growth in a kitchen-garden; and that this is here the meaning of κῆπος. Such a locality was in

* They were used both cultivated and wild; Pliny tells us that the wild were much esteemed.

no way needed for the growth of the plants; which might all be cultivated in large enclosures, and might all easily grow wild. But the idea of a kitchen-garden is likely to possess a special charm for some minds; and thus there may be persons ready to do battle for a small enclosure, as for a point of capital importance.

It has been urged that the word κῆπος must always signify a *small* enclosed space; something of much less amplitude than fields or meadows. But this doctrine is totally incorrect. Sophocles speaks of the κῆπος Εὐβοίας, Pindar calls Libya a κῆπος, and Liddell and Scott tell us that the word may signify any rich well-cultivated region.*

I may observe that plants evidently do not acquire any special aptitude for the illustration of Moschus' thought, on account of the smallness of the space in which they grow,

* I have been led to notice the above points by reason of certain errors propounded in one of the journals.

It is unfortunate that mistakes of this kind should occur as they do. If they are not corrected the public may be misled; if attention is drawn to them, journalists may be offended.

I might, if I pleased, notice many more of these critical errors; I might animadvert on a critic who fell foul of Milton, and censured excellent expressions of Chapman's.

or the stoutness of the fence which surrounds it; if therefore the word κῆπος did express distinct ideas of this nature (which really it does not), variation in respect to such matters would be legitimate.

I subjoin some observations concerning the word δυλος which Moschus uses in this passage as an epithet of ἄνηθον. It seems to me probable that he intended to express by it the character of its foliage, which is very peculiar and beautiful. Anybody who has in his garden common fennel (anethum fœniculatum) can study it.

The word δυλος as explained in the Lexicons is not fitted to serve as an epithet of this foliage. The principal senses ascribed to it are those of "close-pressed" and "curled:" and the foliage of ἄνηθον has neither of these characters.

And as in other respects the account of the word δυλος given in the Lexicons is not very satisfactory, it seems possible that its sense has not been adequately explained.

To enter fully into this matter would require considerable length. I will here state my views briefly.

I am inclined to think that cotton-wool in a loose state

affords a good specimen of the character ὀυλότης. In this we have a multiplicity of fine elements, not curled or twisted, but perplexedly commingled; not closely pressed together, but having air-spaces between, so as to constitute a whole of light texture. A strong pressure which should squeeze the parts closely together would destroy the character.

Cloth or frieze furnished with nap, fluffy flannel or woollen-stuffs, afford other specimens of the type. In some cases the word ὄυλος would answer precisely to the Latin "villosus;" and it seems to me possible that the words villus, wool and ὄυλος may be connected.

Conformably to the above view, bushy hair, whether curly or frizzled, would be ὄυλος. Liddell and Scott tell us that ὄυλος applies to the "crisp short curly hair which bespeaks manly strength;" but according to my view neither shortness nor curliness is expressed by the word ὄυλος; though either is compatible with it, Short curly hair might be ὄυλος; but it does not, in my opinion, afford the best example of ὄυλη κόμη. The large bushes of hair, sometimes curled sometimes frizzled, of which different savage tribes afford striking specimens, furnish, in my opinion, a much

more developed specimen of the type; and it is hair of this character which (I think) would be *οὐλότατον τρίχωμα*.

Milton speaks of a "bush with frizled hair implicit:" the foliage of such a bush affords, in my opinion, another example of *ὄυλη κόμη*.

When the word *οὖλος* signifies a sheaf of corn, the sense of close pressure seems at first sight more fitting; but it must be remembered that the ears of corn in a sheaf are not closely pressed together, but are separated by air-spaces, so as to exhibit a shagged or villous appearance; and that this imparts a marked character to the sheaf.

Οὖλαι κορωνίδες would in my opinion be plaited crowns or garlands; the interweaving of the entwined parts would produce the character explained. But I do not think that they need be very closely plaited or pressed. I take it that an *ὄυλη κορωνίς* need not be massive or dense, but might have a light elegant character.

The bushes of hair or filamentous material frequently used as ornaments of fire-places afford another example of the character *οὐλότης*, as I conceive it.

If we interpret the word *οὖλος* in the sense above

explained, then we see at once that the foliage of ἄνηθον would be ὄυλος. In fact the foliage of some of the fennels (anethums and ferulas) is an excellent exemplification of the type, and shews perhaps better than any other instance the beauty of which it is susceptible.

NOTE B.

In line 39 of the Iliad, some scholars interpret the word ἐρέφω as meaning to put on a roof, and explain the sentence as signifying, "If I have ever built thee a temple from basement to roof." But it seems to me that Chryses in both lines speaks of something which he had done frequently: and it cannot be supposed that he had frequently built a temple from ground to roof. I am also disposed to think that the word χαρίεις is not a mere inert epithet of νηός, but has some reference to the verb ἐρέφω, and indicates that the action of covering heightened the grace or beauty of the temple. There is no doubt that Sophocles uses the word ἐρέφω to express ornamental covering by wreaths.

I have thought it best therefore on this occasion to follow the bulk of translators, and take ἐρέφω as signifying ornamental covering.

NOTE C.

Iliad, line 477. Translation, line 464.

Ἠὼς ἠριγένεια is sometimes interpreted as "morning born early in the morning," which is a mere truism.

Sometimes ἠριγένεια is explained as "producing the dawn," or, "mother of the dawn." But ἠώς is itself the dawn. Moreover, ἦρι is not a substantive, nor can γένεια well be regarded as active; its usage in the words Ἰφιγένεια, Τριτογένεια, Ἀφρογένεια, shows its normal force.

If we connect ἦρι with ἠήρ, like ἠέριος, we obtain a poetical image:—the grey mist preceding the dawn, and the red rays shooting out of it into the heaven, the mist being gradually dispersed as the illumination increases. A similar image is expressed by Virgil,—

> "Postea Phœbeâ lustrabat lampade terras,
> Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram."

NOTE D.

Iliad, lines 529, 530. Translation, lines 513, 514.

> Ἀμβρόσιαι δ' ἄρα χαῖται ἐπερρώσαντο ἄνακτος,
> Κρατὸς ἄπ' ἀθανάτοιο·

We are not told in what direction the locks moved from the head, and translators have varied on this point. Voss represents the hair as moving forwards:

> "Und die ambrosischen Locken des Königes wallten ihm vorwärts
> Von dem unsterblichen Haupt;"

Mr. Merivale represents the hair as moving downwards,—

> "Down from the King's immortal head,
> Down rush'd the ambrosial locks dispread, . ."

At the commencement of the nod the hair would rise from the head; at the end of the nod, when the movement of the head paused, the hair would come downwards and forwards. The first moment seems to me that of greater dignity. In the heads of Jupiter, which follow the type set by Phidias, who declared that he was inspired by this passage, the hair is represented rising. I have thought it best so to consider it, and have used the word "upwaving."

Mr. Paley tells us that the proper force of *ἐπιρρώομαι* is to set a firm foot on the ground. But *ἐπιρρώομαι* and *ῥώομαι* are both used to express the waving of light bodies in the air, and it is not likely that they would have been chosen for this purpose if they specially conveyed the idea of a solid pressing against a solid.

The account which Liddell and Scott give of these words seems to me the correct one.

NOTE E.

Iliad, line 554. Translation, line 537.

Some translators take *φράζομαι* here in the sense of to speak, or to communicate counsel; others, as signifying to meditate, or to devise counsel in silence. Either rendering gives very good sense. I have taken the former, as Lord Derby also has done, though the latter interpretation seems to me not less probable.

NOTE F.

Iliad, line 581. Translation, line 564.

The words, ἐξ ἑδέων στυφελίξαι, might be rendered simply to "push from our seats," but this would produce some effect of bathos. A fit of Jupiter's anger, without any use of his lightning, gave Vulcan a fall of a whole day's duration; if, therefore, the lightnings are brought into play, something more than a mere displacement of the Gods from their seats at the table ought to follow.

The Latin translation given by Clarke renders στυφελίξαι by "omnia turbare," and Pope translates so as to convey the idea of a great convulsion.

REMARKS.

THERE have always existed two schools or parties, taking different views on the subject of translation; one insisting principally on a literal rendering of words, the other looking more to expression or general effect.

Good illustrations of the former view are afforded to us by Wakefield, the editor of Pope. He pertains, on the whole, to the time-honoured class of Criticus Philisticus; but as, nevertheless, he has good ability, and takes much interest in his subject, it will not be amiss to examine some of his criticisms.

He enounces the view that Pope's deviations from his original were caused by his want of scholarship; that, had he been a good scholar, he might have modelled his version to an exact conformity with its prototype. Nay, he hints

that he himself (Wakefield) could, if he pleased, do this. At any rate, he declares it to be most certain that in every ten lines of his version a manifest melioration may be effected, bringing it into closer adherence with the original, without any sacrifice of elegance or spirit.

When he comes to Pope's third couplet,

> Whose limbs unbury'd on the naked shore
> Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore:

he objects to this, as not rendering literally the words *κύνεσσιν οἰωνοῖσί τε πᾶσι*, urging that the word *πᾶσι* is of peculiar importance; and proposes as his emendation the following couplet—

> Whose limbs, defenceless and neglected, lay
> To every dog, and every fowl, a prey:

We have here an admirable illustration of the taste of critics of this school: we see the stress they lay on the literal rendering of certain words, and how insensible they are to the various delicate considerations which concern expressional effect. Pope's couplet is a very good one, and Wakefield's fancied emendation a very poor one.

If close verbal accuracy were the affair of paramount importance, the following would be a very laudable translation of the opening lines of the Iliad:

> Sing, Goddess, Achileus Pelides' wrath,
> Baneful, which myriad woes on Grecians laid,
> And many mighty souls of heroes hurled
> To Hades, and themselves made spoils to dogs
> And to all birds: but Jove's will was fulfilling:
> Since first asunder stood in strife Atrides
> The king of men, and godlike Achileus.

This translation is more literal than that of Cowper or Lord Derby; nay, it is even more literal than the prose translation given in Bohn's series. But manifestly it fails in effect; and a translation less close to the original might much surpass it in merit.

By way of example let us consider the following:

> Of Peleid Achilles sing, o Muse, the vengeance fell,
> Source to the Greeks of myriad woes: which hurled to shades of hell
> Full many a soul of heroes brave, and made themselves a prey
> To ravening dogs and fowls of air; achieving so alway
> Was will of Jove, e'en from the hour when first debate begun
> Betwixt Atrides king of men and Thetis' godlike son.

This translation varies much more than the former one from the original, but owing to these variations it has gained in effect.

Let us consider one or two more specimens of Wakefield's proposed emendations.

When he comes to the lines—

> The fav'ring pow'r attends
> And from Olympus' lofty tops descends:

he proposes, for the sake of closer accuracy, to make the second line run—

> And from Olympus' tops in wrath descends.

We may be sure that Pope's ear would never have tolerated the sound of pus' tops: he would certainly have preferred to keep his line as it is, and defer the mention of wrath till the succeeding lines, where he places it—

> Fierce as he moved the silver shafts resound.

Again, in place of Pope's couplet:

> Whene'er by Jove's decree, our conqu'ring pow'rs
> Shall humble to the dust her lofty tow'rs.

Wakefield proposes as his improvement,

> Whene'er by Jove's decrees, our pow'rs destroy
> And lay in dust the well-built walls of Troy.

We need not go further: in all Wakefield's fancied emendations we find the same deficiencies,—the qualities of the commonplace critic: too much anxiety about the rendering of particular words; too little feeling of the subtler matters which concern rhetoric, expression, effect.

It may be urged in favour of these professedly scholar-like views that they are countenanced by a large body of critics. But a large proportion of the professed critics are deficient in original qualities; they are characterised with much truth by the well-known definition, "the men who have failed in literature and art." The mental constitution of such persons does not qualify them for forming the best judgment on a subject of this character, and their doctrines respecting it ought to be viewed with much distrust. It is not the mediocre critics, vast in number, but of no special power; it is the *κριτικοὶ γνήσιοι*, small in number, and highly gifted, who ought to be our guides in a matter of this kind.*

* These remarks apply with equal force to judgments concerning the hexameter in reference to which metre a great many persons, critics included, labour under serious errors, in pronunciation, ear, and theory.

We find valuable remarks on the subject of translation in the Essays of Conington. He controverts the common-place views; and urges that in order to produce a translation of the best kind, much liberty is occasionally needed, such as that of which Dryden and Pope so largely availed themselves. His opinions are a useful corrective to the notions of those who would estimate the merit of a translation by counting the number of words accurately rendered.

It is indeed evident that the sounds of words differ so widely in different languages, that the sense which produces the best metrical or rhetorical effect in one, cannot in a large number of cases do so in another. There must always be difficulties which, in a metrical translation, can be more successfully dealt with by a turning movement than by direct encounter or front attack.

We ought not therefore to demand of a metrical translation that it should give assistance to scholars; a translation which aims at doing this ought to be made in prose. It is no more proper for a metrical translator to make a display of scholarship, than it is for a painter to parade

his knowledge of anatomy. He ought well to understand his original, not in order to render accurately the whole of it, but in order to discern what are the minor points, in respect to which variation is legitimate, and what are the cardinal points, in respect to which he ought resolutely to refrain from it. On this subject the ordinary critic is not a trustworthy guide; for while making a great outcry about subordinate details,—anise and cummin, parsley and dill,—he is apt totally to overlook weightier matters, of serious importance to the main sense.

In the translations which I append (of passages from Virgil) I frequently translate very literally; in many cases my translation is closer than the prose one of Conington. But often I make variations, where I could easily translate more accurately, because, after trial, I find that the variation produces what I look upon as a better effect. Numerous cases occur in which alterations that would render my version closer are quite obvious. I do not doubt that generally the more literal translation which I reject would better please the ordinary critic; but I do not aim at conforming to his notions, which, as above explained,

appear to me erroneous. I attach less value than he does to literal rendering of words, and more to various other considerations, to which he, after the manner of Wakefield, is comparatively insensible.

In these translations I employ the same metre as Mr. Morris, which is that of Chapman's Homer.* I was not led to the adoption of this metre by Mr. Morris's work; I had made considerable trial of it before his translation appeared.

In some cases I have adopted isolated words from Mr. Morris's work; but with the exception of such minor alterations my translation is independent of his, having been made without knowledge of it. Independent translators will always have occasional resemblances; especially as both may have consulted previous translators; and in some passages a certain amount of general resemblance will be found between my version and Mr. Morris's; but these instances are rare, and generally the two translations widely differ.

I have naturally some obligations to Conington, but my

* Also of Phaer's Virgil.

most important ones are to Dryden, the principal of which I point out.

There is so much room for diversity in translation, that I need not offer much excuse for going over the same ground as Mr. Morris, in the same metre, notwithstanding the merit of his work. The general effect of language at which I aim is widely different from his; in respect to such effect alone there is a great field for diversity; probably for quite half-a-dozen different styles.

However, for further reason, I append remarks, pointing out certain portions of his translation with which I do not feel completely satisfied. While mentioning these I much admire his translation; but I wish to shew why it does not constitute a bar to other attempts; why something different may still be sought for, or may have its *raison d'être*.

TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL.

Æneid, Book VI.—L. 263-283.

[As on she leadeth, equal pace he keeps with fearless tread.]
Gods who controul the world of ghosts, Shades silent of the dead,
Chaos and Phlegethon, domains hushed in eternal Night,
Give sanction to my utterance; aid me to bring to light
Things lying deep beneath the earth, immersed in gloom profound.
Obscure 'mid solitary Night their darkling way they wound,
Through habitations void of Dis, inane unreal reign:
Like men who by the light malign of doubtful Moon are fain
Through woods to fare, when Jupiter has hid in cloud the sky,

And night from Nature's face has reft her coloured bravery.
Before the porch, where opening throat of Orcus is displayed,
Sad Sorrow and avenging Cares their nestling-place have made;
And pale Disease's troop, and Age bereft of gladness haunt,
And Fear, and Hunger that amiss persuades, and squalid Want;
Fell forms, terrific to behold; there Labour is, and Death;
And Death's blood-brother Sleep, and joy of guilt that flattereth
The poisoned soul; by th' adverse gate within their iron cells
The Furies couch; here murderous War, here frantic Discord dwells,
The viperous tresses of her hair with bloody fillets bound.
[A mighty elm amidmost spreads its aged arms, far round
Outpouring gloom of dusky shade:]

Do.—L. 426–439.

INCONTINENT are voices heard, an utterance loud of wail,
And infant ghosts of weeping babes within the threshold's pale;
Whom, portionless of life's delight, the darksome hour of breath
Bereft, from mother's breast off-tore, and whelmed in bitter death.
The next are those who died condemned by doom unjust of law:
Yet not without award of judge their lot of seat they draw.
Minos, strict searcher, shakes the urn: to council bids resort
The silent ones, and lives and crimes examines in his court.
About the regions next to these the melancholy stray,
Who, nothing guilty, slew themselves, and loathful of the day

Cast off their souls: how would they wish in ether now on high
To suffer utmost ills of toil, and bitter poverty!
Eternal Law forbids; the wave abhorred with marshy chains
Imprisons them, and ninefold Styx interfluent restrains.

Do.—L. 566–627.

THE Gnosian Rhadamanthus here holds lordship pitiless,
Chastises and examines frauds; and maketh each confess
Whate'er of crime in upper life, elate with empty theft,
For expiation long-deferred in realm of death he left.
Upon the doomed one springs at once Tisiphone, and shakes
And spurns him, plying vengeful lash, with left her hideous snakes
Against him fiercely flourishing, and hounds her sisters fell.
And now at length on grating hinge behold! the gates of hell

Eternal ope with horrid sound. Discernest thou what guard
Bides at the porch? what shape it is in th' entrance keeping ward?
Yea, and with fifty caverned throats agape in th' inner bound
Yet fiercer Hydra holds her seat. Then Tartarus profound
Full twice as deep with headlong fall yawns to the gulf of Night,
As to Olympus' radiant peak soars heaven-ward the sight.
Here the Titanian brood, the race of primal Earth, down-hurled
By lightning, deep in lowest pit confusedly are whirled.
Here Otus and his brother twin, th' Aloids, met my eyes,
Enormous bodies; erst who strove with impious emprise
To storm high heav'n, and drag dethroned the Thund'rer from his skies.
And plagued with cruel chastisement Salmoneus I found,
For emulating fires of Jove and the Olympian sound.
In four-horsed car, and brandishing aloft a cresset's blaze,
Through midst of Elis' town before assembled Grecia's gaze

In state he went, and worship claimed, and fain for God would pass;
Insensate! who with horse-hoof's beat and hollow-sounding brass
Had feigned the storm and thunder-crash inimitable of Jove.
But heav'n's almighty sire obscure in depth of clouds above
Writhed his red bolt; not torches he, nor smoky pitch-tree's glow;
And blasted headlong whirled him down to deepest gulfs of woe.
There Tityus also was to see, of all-sustaining Earth
The nursling; o'er whole acres nine his bulk of giant birth
Protended lies: by the hooked beak of vulture huge is shorn
His liver, whence of agony fresh crop is ever born:
The monster searches him for feast, caves in his burrowed breast;
The mangled fibres are reborn, nor e'er from pain have rest.
Why of the impious Lapithæ, should I recount the tale?
Ixion and Pirithous, conjoined in doom of bale?
O'er whom a ruin black of crag, just as in act to fall,
Hangs imminent: bright-gleaming rise on golden pillars tall

Convivial couches, banquet rare is spread before their eyes
In kingly state; but crouching lo! beside it watchful lies
The eldest Fury; towards the cates if stretch they longing hand,
Upstarts she, voice of thunder rolls, and shakes her fiery brand.
Here they who while alive on earth in hate 'gainst brothers strove,
Or parent struck, or web of guile around a client wove;
And they who o'er collected wealth sole brooded, nor allowed
Share of it aught to kin and friends;—of these the greatest crowd;
They too who for adulterous love were slain of others wife,
And they who following impious arms dared in unholy strife
Their troth to break, and traitorous hand against their lords to turn,
Prisoned await their chastisement. Desire not thou to learn
What fortune whelms the men, what form of torturing woe they feel.
Some roll a ponderous rock, or hang on spokes of whirling wheel

Dispread: unhappy Theseüs there sits and evermore
There shall he sit; while Phlegyas from out his anguish sore
Keeps warning all, and testifies amid the shades aloud:
Advisèd be, learn righteousness, nor 'gainst the gods be proud.
His country one for gold betrayed, and underneath the yoke
Of puissant master bowed it; laws for lucre made and broke.
One gat him to his daughter's bed, and love incestuous shared;
All dared enormous wickedness, and compassed what they dared.
No, had I e'en a hundred mouths, had I a hundred tongues,
An iron voice, I could not skill that catalogue of wrongs
Full to recite, nor all the names of penal doom unfold.
[When this deliverance had she made, Apollo's priestess old:]

Do.—L. 724-751.

KNOW firstly this, within the heav'n, the earth, the liquid main,
Within the Moon's refulgent globe, and Titan's starry train,
A spirit dwells, their sustenance: through all the limbs a Mind
Stirreth, and with the mighty mass is mingled and combined.
Hence is the race of men and herds, and creatures winged of air,
And monsters that the Ocean depths 'neath marble surface bear.
Within their vital seeds resides a glow of heav'nly birth,
A fiery might, not wholly tamed by tardy clog of earth,
By dulness of corrupting flesh, and mortal limbs' alloy.
From hence desire and fear they have; hence play of grief and joy;
Nor, pent in dusk and dungeon blind, behold th' ethereal light.
Nay, e'en when life releases them, as close their eyes in night,

Poor wretches, end not yet their ills; they are not inly freed
From every bane of fleshly plagues: still lieth on them need
That many a taint should in them lurk, ingrained in wondrous way.
So are they schooled by punishment, and long in suffering pay
For old misdeeds. Dispread aloft are some, and flutter vain
To all the winds: and some are purged of guilt's infected stain
By whirling flood of mighty wave, or fiery furnace-glow:
Our proper Manes each we bear; at length, released from woe,
To broad Elysium are we sent, and hold, selected few,
The joyful fields: till length of time, fulfilled the period due,
Has cleansed th' inveterated blot, left stainless and entire
Th' intelligence ethereal, pure air's unmingled fire.
All these, when wheel of time has rolled ten centuries complete,

The God in mighty concourse calls at Lethe's stream to meet:
So that forgetful of the past they may to earth return,
And for re-entrance into flesh once more begin to yearn.

Do.—L. 827-887.

But lo! that pair in burnished arms of like equipment dight,
Harmonious spirits now, while still in shadow pent of night,
Ah me! what mutual contèst, if once to light of life
They rise, what moil shall they upstir of slaughter-reeking strife!
Down from the Alps the father comes, and cragged Moncœcus' tow'rs;
His daughter's husband heads adverse th' embattled Eastern pow'rs.
Nay children, let not hate like this within your bosoms burn,
Nor 'gainst the vitals of your home her vigorous forces turn.

And thou the first from wrath refrain, thou of Olympian line
Descended; cast from out thy hand the weapons, offspring mine.
He, o'er Corinthus triumphing, shall 'mid acclaiming crowd
Drive to the Capitol his car, of slain Achæans proud.
That one shall conquer Argos haught, with ruin shall deface
Mycenæ sovran, royal house of Agamemnon's race,
And smite Æacides, blood-heir of Thetis' warrior son,
Avenging Trojan sires and shame to Pallas' temple done.
Great Cato, who from naming thee, and Cossus can refrain?
And Gracchus' race, and Scipios both, lightnings of war, the bane
Of Libya, and Fabricius in poor estate of deed
Right puissant, and Serranus thee, in furrow casting seed?
Ye Fabii, my wearied steps where hurry ye away?
Thou art that Greatest one, our weal's sole saviour by delay.
Let others to the breathing brass a softer contour give,
Or chisel forth the speaking face, and bid the marble live;

Aye, causes shall they better plead, with compass-governed line
Describe the paths of heav'n, and tell each rising starry sign;
But nations of the earth to sway, to rule o'er land and sea,
These are imperial arts, thy care let these, O Roman, be;
Impose thy laws, with reign of peace stablish the world's estate,
Unto the subject mercy show, the stubborn subjugate.
He ceased; while wondering yet they stand he speaks a second time:
See yonder where Marcellus comes, with pride of spoils opime
Ennobled; mighty conqueror, he tow'rs above the rest;
He shall uphold the Roman state, in direful storm distrest;
Shall on his horse the Punic foe dash down, and rebel Gaul,
And grace with trophy third of arms Quirinus' temple-wall.
At this Eneas; for he saw that close beside him went
A youth, in shining armour clad, of beauty eminent,

But scantly lit with joy his brow, deject on earth his eyne;

Say, father, who companion thus walks with the man divine?

His son? or heir, in after-days to grace his glorious line?

What murmur of his circling mates! himself how grand to sight!

But round his head with baleful shade flits sable-pinioned Night.

To whom Anchises, down his cheek apace the tear-drops flow:

O son, be minded not to search thy race's mightiest woe;

Him to the shades shall Fate from earth, glimpse of him only shown,

Back hurry: Pow'rs that dwell above, ye deemed too high up-blown

The might of Rome, if boon like this 'twere giv'n her to retain.

What groans of men of war shall ring voiced from that famous plain

To puissant city of Mars! what pomps of death shalt thou espy
Tiber, as near his fresh-raised tomb to sea thou glidest by!
Nor e'er shall child of Ilian seed in Latin sires awake
So lofty hope; nor mighty land Romulean e'er shall make
Of nursling boast so glorious, so high resound his praise.
Alas for piety! for faith alas of th' elder days!
For hand of matchless valiaunce! none should against him raise
Weapon unscathed, whether afoot to pierce the hostile ranks
Onward he pressed, or smote with spur his foamy charger's flanks.
Ah! piteous child! if aught-wise thou of destiny's decree
May'st skill the tyrant bonds to break, thou shalt Marcellus be.
Come, bring ye blooms in brimming hands, the lustrous lilies bring;
Myself will scatter purple flow'rs; unstinted may I fling
Upon a loved descendant's shade such gifts, and duty pay
Of none avail. [Thereafter free through all the land they stray.]

Æneid, Book VIII.—L. 652–713.

ALOFT was standing Manlius on tow'rd Tarpeian steep,
Guard of the fane, and held the heights of Capitolian keep.
And flying here a silver goose o'er golden portico,
Outsang that in the entrance-gate was foot of Gaulish foe.
Through bushes swarmed the clambering Gauls, e'en now in act to take
The castle, shielded by the mirk, and gift of night opaque:
Of gold their hair, of gold is wrought their raiment; bright around
Their shoulders glitter checkered plaids; their milk-white necks are bound
With golden collar; each in hand two quivering lances wields
Of Alpine fashion, body-guard they carry lengthy shields.
Further the sacred rites are shewn; the Salian priests advance
Leaping, and fired with holy rage the nude Luperci dance:

The woollen-tufted mitres here, and bucklers rained adown
From heav'n had carved he: matrons chaste were leading through the town
The holy pomp in cushioned cars. Aloof from these th' abyss
Tartarean adds he, realm unsunned, gates nethermost of Dis:
Doom had he here of guilt displayed; thee, Catilina, here
Hanging aloft on threatful rock, with pangs eterne of fear
Tortured beneath the Furies' gaze: in secret realm he draws
The righteous shades, and Cato's ghost to these dispensing laws.
Betwixt the quarters image broad of swelling Ocean went,
Golden; but various foamed the blue, with hoary wave besprent:
While dolphins wrought of silver clear their tails in gambol plied,
In circle swept the wat'ry floor, and cut the surging tide.
Full in the midst the brazen fleets were seen, the warlike show

Of Actian strife; with ordered Mars Leucate all aglow
Is seething, gold-bespangled gleam the billows. Lo! to right
Augustus Cæsar leading on Italia's hosts to fight,
With him the sacred Senate ranked, with him the tribes of Rome,
His are the great Olympian Gods, his are the Gods of home.
On lofty deck he stands; his brows exultant ray afar
Twin tongues of fire, and o'er his head is oped the Julian star.
Shewn to the left, with favouring winds and Gods to speed, his line
Agrippa lofty-towering leads: whose temples, proud ensign
Of martial glory, beaked with gold of naval diadem shine.
Antonius ranged on line opposed, with mixed barbaric hosts,
Victor from peoples of the Morn, and glowing Red-Sea coasts,
Drags with him Egypt, and the folk of Bactra far, and pride
Of th' Orient's pow'r; behind him sails, ah! shame! th' Egyptian bride.
Onward they pour, and all around in foam the ocean breaks,

Torn by the back-tugged stroke of oars, and push of trident beaks.
They seek the deep: who saw might deem that Cyclads on the wave
Uprooted swam, or mountains high 'gainst warring mountains drave:
So press the men, so tow'r the ships, so huge they breast the main.
By hand the missile blaze of tow, by darts an iron rain
Is scattered; death of horror new empurples Neptune's plain.
In midst the queen her people calls with native timbrel's sound;
Nor at the venomed pair behind her glance yet casts she round.
By barkings of Anubis urged Gods of a bestial brood
'Gainst Pallas, 'gainst Cythera's queen, and lord of Ocean's flood
Oppose their lances. Mavors storms in thickest of the fray
Of steel embossed; the Furies grim are swooping on their prey:

Amid the press in mantle rent rejoicing Discord hies ;
Bellona following close behind her scourge ensanguined plies.
Apollo, viewing this, his bow from fane on Actian height
Was bending: Egypt all and Ind at terror of the sight,
Arabians all and Saba's hosts, back shewing, brake in flight.
The queen herself, the winds invoked, was seen amain to ease
And ease her ropes, and crowded sail give flowing to the breeze.
The Lord of fire had pictured her, o'er-paled with death's forecast,
Amid the carnage borne by waves and Iapygian blast.
On shore opposed old Nile appeared, vast-statured, grief-opprest,
Calling the vanquished ones with robe outspread and opened breast,
In coverts of his azure streams to hide and be at rest.

NOTES.

Æneid, book vi, line 270. Translation, page 85, line 8.

. . . sub luce malignâ . . .

THE prosaic sense of "maligna" here is simply sparing or scanty: but poetically this scanty light, causing inconvenience to the wayfarers, is ascribed to want of good will, or malignity, on the part of the Moon. It is well, I think, in a poetical translation, to preserve this touch of personification. Dryden does so, using the word malignant:

By the moon's doubtful and malignant light.

The words I have here used, "Men who by the light malign of doubtful Moon are fain Through words to fare." are capable of being misunderstood. I may point out that

the expression "to be fain to do a thing," was used by old authors to signify "to be compelled to do a thing;" this usage of it is sanctioned by excellent authority. To many this notice is superfluous; but those who cannot understand the word "quick" would certainly here go astray.

Æneid, line 274. Translation, line 12.

. . . ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;

The word "cubile" may mean a bed; but it may also mean a nest, or den; a lurking-place or secret retreat. There are many instances of this usage. I think it is better here to take it in this sense: it seems well not to suggest the idea of sleep.

Æneid, line 276. Translation, line 14.

. . . malesuada Fames, . . .

Malesuada signifies "persuading to evil," an attribute which does not imply intellectual weakness; it may be conjoined, and often is, with great ability. Hence I do not

feel satisfied with Mr. Morris's rendering of the words, viz. "witless Hungering." Witless does not express "malesuada," nor does the participle "Hungering" seem well fitted for a personification.

Æneid, line 595. Translation, p. 90, line 30.

Nec non et Tityon, Terræ omniparentis alumnum,

I would observe that "Tityon" here is the accusative: the name is either Tityos (following the Greek), or Tityus, the proper Latin form. Mr. Morris has Tityon, which scarcely seems to be an admissible form.

Æneid, L. 730. Translation, p. 93, line 7.

Igneus est ollis vigor et cœlestis origo . . .

Mr. Morris translates, very well, as it seems to me,

"Quick in these seeds is might of fire and birth of heavenly place, . . ."

But "Examinator," dating from "Gath," raises great objection to the word "quick" in this passage; contending that the idea of celerity is quite foreign to the original. Mr.

Morris should print a certain number of copies for the special behoof of eminent doctors of Philistia, making in these the substitution of the word "live" for quick.

Æneid, line 853. Translation p. 97, line 28.

Hæ tibi erunt artes . . . etc.

I notice here Dryden's translation, by which I have profited:

"To tame the proud, the fettered slave to free,
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."

Æneid, line 883. Translation, line 59.

Heu miserande puer

It seems to me desirable here to translate "miserandus" by one word, not by many. The word "piteous" has been used by excellent authors exactly in the sense of "miserandus;" and it is used in this very passage by Phaer, whom I follow.

Æneid, line 884. Translation, line 60.

The translation of the words "Tu Marcellus eris," has given rise to discussion. Dryden says that the literal rendering, "Thou shalt be Marcellus," would not be proper; but in this I think he is mistaken. The meaning of the passage is that if the youth is allowed to attain years of maturity he will become Marcellus par excellence, greater even than the old Marcellus. The translation given by Dryden, "A new Marcellus shall arise in thee," is not adequate to express this; nor has it the suggestive pregnancy of the original. The simple English words, "Thou shalt be Marcellus," admit of precisely the same sense as the Latin "Tu Marcellus eris," and consequently are the best translation.

Phaer translates the passage as follows:

> O piteous child! if ever thou thy destnies hard maist breake,
> Marcellus thou shalt be.

I find that I do not like the effect of the words "shalt be" placed thus in the middle of a line; "be" seems to me to have a better effect when it ends a line, so I have made my translation accordingly.

Æneid, book viii, line 663. Translation, p. 100, line 11.

Hic exsultantes Salios . . . etc.

I profit here by Dryden's translation, which runs,

> Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance;
> And naked through the streets the mad Luperci dance, . . .

Æneid, line 670. Translation, line 20.

Secretosque pios: his dantem jura Catonem.

Here again I quote Dryden for like reason;

> Apart from these, the happy souls he draws;
> And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.

Æneid, line 679. Translation, lines 29, 30.

Cum Patribus, Populoque, Penatibus et magnis dîs,

There is considerable difficulty in translating this line in a rhymed version. Dryden and Conington both lighten the difficulty by omission: neither renders the distinction of Penates and magni dî; and Dryden omits also that of

Patres and Populus. Both lose much in consequence; for everything in this line is important; nothing can be omitted without detriment.

Mr. Morris makes an attempt to render the line literally; but does not seem to me to succeed in his attempt, which I notice in my subsequent remarks. Finding here that I had to choose between omission or amplification, and regarding omission as undesirable, I have adopted the latter alternative, and expanded the one line into two.

Æneid, line 695. Translation, line 46.

. . . arva novâ Neptunia cæde rubescunt.

Translators here differ as to the force of "nova." Mr. Morris translates simply,

Neptune's lea reddens with death anew.

I agree with those translators who consider the words "nova cædes" to allude to the novel form of fighting adopted,—the casting of "stuppea flamma;" possibly also to novel engines for throwing darts.

Æneid, line 709. Translation, line 60.

The Lord of Fire had pictured her, . . .

The word "picture" is sometimes used in the general sense of "represent;" but here it may be used more properly, because Virgil specially notices Vulcan's employment of imitative colour in his work.

REMARKS.

In these remarks on certain points in Mr. Morris' translation, I confine myself to the last two passages which I have translated above.

Æneid, Book VI.—Line 846.

... tu Maximus ille es ...
Thou Greatest, thou art he,

I would observe that Maximus here is the nominative; not the vocative; the construction is "tu es Maximus ille." Mr. Morris translates as if the words were tu Maxime, ille es... I do not look on a variation of this kind as illegitimate; but I note that it is a variation.

Line 848.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,

Others I know more tenderly may beat the breathing brass,

It is not by tender beating, by gentleness of stroke or blow, that the great artist produces the soft effect of flesh, or generally the excellences which mark artistic genius.

Line 849.

... vivos ducent de marmore vultus;

And better from the marble block bring living looks to pass;

We may properly speak of bringing an event to pass: but I doubt whether we can with equal propriety speak of "bringing to pass" that which is permanently fixed in marble.

Line 850.

. . . cœlique meatus
Describent radio . . .

Others may better plead the cause, may compass heaven's face
And mark it out,—

I doubt whether the word "to compass" can properly signify "to describe with a compass;" *i.e.* with the instrument so called.

I may also observe that in this translation there is nothing to render the word "meatus," which is one of considerable importance.

Line 853.

Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,

For this shall be thine handicraft, peace on the world to lay, . . .

Is the word "handicraft" here quite right? The arts of government (the imperial arts) prescribed to the Roman were distinguished from the arts of the subject nations by *not* being handicraft.

Line 854.

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

To spare the weak, to wear the proud by constant weight of war.

Here the words "the weak" do not accurately express what is needed. Independent nations were not spared by the Romans on account of being weak; what they spared was not *weakness* but *subjection.*

The single word "debellare" is here rendered by a number of words, viz. "to wear by constant weight of war:" this alone tends to diminish vigour of expression. But these numerous words fail after all to present to us the most important idea expressed by "debello," viz. that of *finishing* the war: while they introduce an idea not at all expressed by it, viz, that of long protraction of the war. Virgil (or Anchises) does not speak of the Romans as protracting a weary struggle for an indefinite time; they

are to get the enemy down, (the sooner the better,) finish the war, and have done with it.

Line 864.

Quis, pater, ille, virum qui sic comitatur euntem ?
O father, who is he that wends beside the hero's hem ?

Hem is "the edge of a garment doubled and sewed;" it indicates a garment of cloth or of material suitable to be sewed: but it is evident from the description that Marcellus was clad in armour.

Lines 865–866.

His son belike, or some one else from out that mighty stem ?
What murmuring of friends about ! How mighty is he made !

I notice here the occurrence of the word "mighty" in each line.

Line 869.

O nate, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum,

O son, search not the mighty woe and sorrow of thy folk!

The expansion of the single word "luctus" into the two words "woe and sorrow" rather tends to impair vigour. The word "mighty" occurs again in this line.

Lines 873–874.

How great a wail of mighty men that Field of Fame shall pour

On Mavors' mighty city walls:

The word "mighty" occurs again in each of these lines—

Line 875.

O Tiber, as thou glidest by his new-wrought tomb and fair.

The addition of the words "and fair" somewhat tends to impair vigour.

Line 882.

Seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
Or smitten spur amid the flank of eager foaming horse.

Virgil expresses the eagerness of the horse by the word "spumans;" the introduction of the word "eager" diminishes the value of the epithet "foaming," and tends to impair vigour.

Lines 883–884.

Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.
O child of all men's ruth, if thou the bitter Fates mayst force
Thou art Marcellus.

The words "Thou art Marcellus" would be quite proper if the purpose of Anchises were to declare who or what

is the personage about whom he is speaking: in such a case the present tense would be the right one; as in the well-known instances, "Thou art Peter," "Thou art the Christ." Or the present tense might be used if Anchises were supposed to be beholding in vision, as present, something to take place at a subsequent date. But neither of these is the case. Anchises is declaring what part the youth will play on earth, at a long subsequent date, in case, in some unhoped-for manner, he may escape the doom of premature death. For such a purpose the use of the future tense is indispensable: Virgil employs it,—could not, indeed, do otherwise; and a correct translation of his words must employ it in like manner.

Æneid, Book VIII.—Lines 655-656.

. . . argenteus anser
. . . Gallos in limine adesse canebat:

The seer that told of Gaulish feet unto the threshold won:

I do not quite see why the goose here is spoken of as a seer: the verb "cano" here does not seem to express anything of prophecy.

Lines 660, 661.

Their milk-white necks do bear
The twisted gold; each one in hand two Alpine spears doth wield,

This usage of "do" and "doth," does not seem well-fitted to imitate the vigour and rapidity of Virgil.

Lines 678, 679.

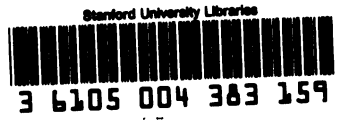
Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prælia Cæsar
Cum Patribus, Populoque, Penatibus et magnis dîs,

Augustus Cæsar, leading on Italian men to fight
With Father-folk, and Household Gods, and Gods of greater name,

There is here nothing to render "hinc;" and this omission is a loss; as some introductory word of this kind is a good deal needed.

"Father-folk" is certainly not a translation of "Patres Populusque," Senate and People,—two distinct orders.

"Gods of greater name," does not very well express "magni dî."



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